

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[NO. 21.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF

BELGRADE.

'Come, my boy,' cried he, remarking the transport painted on my countenance, 'let us review those troops already renowned in war, whose victorious career have often driven back the flower of the russian army; and at whose veteran discipline even the divan trembles and feels dismayed.'

I had now an opportunity of ascertaining the strength of a fortress in which nature and art united to render impregnable. Situated upon an eminence whose base was formed of one solid mass, flanked all around by rugged rocks, and commanding the full view of an incredible extent of country. The walls and battlements, towering to the clouds, were lined with heavy ordnance; and garrisoned by some thousands of troops, whose discipline and martial appearance seemed to bid defiance to an host. I have the power to give you but an imperfect outline of those feelings which possessed my breast at

that moment. Such a spectacle I had never witnessed: dreamt I never had of half the glory of a soldier's life. Now was I amid the destructive implements of war—their clashing sound vibrated in pleasant ecstasy; and as the tear of joy trembled on the eyelid, I swore eternal wedlock to a life of arms! Inebriated with all I saw, I was already a self-created hero. Completely infected with a military mania, boy as I was, my young heart panted for an opportunity of signalizing myself by some exploit of desperate enterprize. Delighted with the eager curiosity which directed my inquisitiveness in all things, the governor discovered a solicitude for my instruction which told me he was not displeased at my remarks. The parade having finished, he led me back to the saloon in which we breakfasted, and pointing out the chamber allotted for me, he left me to seek that repose of which he was sure I stood in much need, while he issued out the orders of the day.

The apartments assigned to me was an epitome of the splendor of the first. Indeed the style and magnificence of the whole was unequalled by any thing I had ever

witnessed. From my school-books I had formed an idea of the palace of a prince; and the pages of juvenile romance had introduced me to the imaginary wiles of enchantment. What I now beheld seemed to outstrip the one, and to complete the reality of the other. Criterion there were none, because there were no comparison between idea and reality. Was it a dream? and the rich drapery of all, the fantasy of the imagination? the impalpable substance of ærial mockery? no such thing. It was no vision—all was identity. Thus puzzling my brain with unavailing reflections exhausted nature closed my eyes in sleep.

Towards noon I was awoke by a female slave who came to attend me in obedience to her lord. Too young to inhale the transports from the rays of beauty, I yet only estimated the sex by the soft caresses of affection. But now, Bernard, (continued Alfonso) methinks I see the bewitching form that fondled me in her arms—bore me to the perfumed bath, and with her own hands dressed me in a suit of embroidered purple. Back I look upon the past, and find the record on the memory true. How sweet the expressive countenance—that eye how soft and languishing! that hair in jetty ringlets artlessly playing on a bosom of unrivalled symmetry! that angelic person! that fascinating *negligée* of attire! O, exquisite perfection!—look where it stands, the master-piece of heaven!—

‘Admirable, O admirable!’ exclaimed Bernard, interrupting him with affected peals of laughter. ‘Hear him, ye Gods!—is this the stoic Alfonso?—where are now his sombre passions!—he could smile at my description of a mistress and lo!—’

‘The comparison is odious,’ cried Alfonso, a little peevish: ‘you painted the charms of a mistress you never saw. I use no art—borrow nothing adventitious from report—my eyes perused the original; and the unimpaired faculty of memory yields up the pristine colors to description.’

Bernard with a sigh owned this was true; and Alfonso perceiving he had touched the sensibility of his friend, was sorry for the wanton attack of which he had been guilty. Affecting disregard to the wound he had given he continued:—

She was indeed what I have described, but to me a second mother. From that moment I began to feel the loss of her who had hitherto performed to me those duties, and to cease even to think I ever had a parent. For the first fortnight of my residence in the fortress, she was the companion of my nights: she feared the frequent challenging of the sentinels upon the ramparts, and the clamorous bustling of the patrols as they performed their circuit beneath my window, would disturb my slumbers and produce alarm. Many a

time have I awoke to hear her sigh and to find my cheek bedewed by tears she sought to shed unseen. Often would I inquire into the cause of her grief, cling round her neck and kiss away the tear. Still she sighed, and wept, till soothed by my caresses, or touched by my distress, she became herself again. 'Twas long ere I could wrest from her the secret of her despondency—long before I could discover the most remote cause of her unhappiness. It is a distressing tale, but I must reserve it for a future hour. Unhappy Fatima! for such was the name of her whose image no time can efface.

'I shall not fatigue you,' continued Alfonso, 'with every minute transaction which occurred at the fortress of ———, I resided there upwards of six years, and could dwell with enthusiasm upon the various exploits of the troops, the superior mind and exalted virtues of their leader; but much as is the pleasure I should experience, I must for the present postpone a narrative of particulars.' Day after day passed by and the first month ended as it began. The same attachment which had marked my first reception from the chief, was still perceptible. It seemed indeed to augment rather than to diminish. My affection for my protector increased with our acquaintance. His disposition ever mild and gentle, never for a moment reminded me of despondence. Prompt to decide, and ac-

customed to command, there glowed undaunted firmness in his countenance: unincumbered in his address, and possessing the utmost placability in his manners, he had the happy art of putting diffidence at ease. Daily acquiring a knowledge in the art of war, my military ardor kept pace with the progress of instruction. Nor was this the only science taught me by the erudite Kyoprili. Master of the various languages of Europe: versed in the history of each surrounding nation: skilled in arms: profound as a politician—he seemed to delight in the idea of making me equal to himself. He was pleased to regard me as a lad of genius, and, when unemployed in the public duties of his office, my progress in the attainment of his vast lore was the acceptance which he sought.

Six years (as I have already said, continued Alfonso) had almost elapsed when one morning Kyoprili summoned me to his library. He commenced by telling he had received a dispatch from Constantinople which announced an immediate Russian war. 'The enemy,' said he, 'have sounded the tocsin, and his army is already on its march. This fortress commands the principal pass on our frontiers. Against us 'tis expected will be directed their principal operations, and I am commanded to prepare for their attack. An augmentation to our force I look for every day. An army of reserve



will speedily encamp behind the mountains in our rear, to be commanded by the captain Pacha in person, under whose immediate orders I am to serve. My time will now be much engrossed. I must attend in person the construction of redoubts on either wing, in order to animate the workmen; and give a spur to industry. You my son, will have sufficient employment in the several duties of your station—as my aid-de-camp your leisure hours will be few. I am resolved to make you a soldier, and you must submit to the hardships of the profession:—would I could make you great! but can I doubt your courage? no, no! I know thee better.—He paused for a moment and then proceeded:

‘You must bid adieu to all idea of discovering the origin of your birth. I have not been inactive as you shall hear; but all my inquiries have terminated without avail: do not despond however. Be your parents ennobled, or obscure among the slaves of Tutkey, behold in me one who will befriend you through life. I have no children to inherit the princely fortune which belongs to me; you I have adopted, loved, and cherished as my own begotten, you shall be my heir. I have strong suspicions you were born to rank and affluence, so that should you ever ascertain the family from which you spring, the education I have given you & the fortune I shall leave you will not lessen Ahmed in the estimation

of those who abandoned him in his youth to the dagger of an hired assassin!

“An *hired assassin* sir!” I exclaimed, shuddering as I spoke.

‘Ay, truly so,’ he continued, ‘but be yourself the judge. It is now time I should acquaint you with the substance of my inquiries. They are briefly thus: Hassan who brought you thither, was returning from a distant post charged with dispatches, when he heard the report of the piece which brought your conductor to the ground. Instantly he clapped spurs to his horse; but before he reached the spot, another bullet wounded yours. Our party were unperceived in their approach, and the ambushed robber, to secure his prey, leapt from the thicket to the road and fell beneath the sure aim of Hassan’s scimitar. The wound was mortal; but the repenting villain lived to tell his story. It seems, that meeting where you last stopped for refreshment, your conductor, from the compunctions of remorse, and unwilling to execute the murder he was charged with, tendered him the office with a bribe. The bribe he owned was large; but not the price of the artful knave, who looking for an ampler sum, treacherously waylaid you both sanguine in his hope that the purse of him already in pay was weightier by half than that tendered. His argument was truly good and apart from the malignant vil-

lanny of the transaction, admirable logic. Hassan, moved by the atrocious deed, flung the wretch yet living down the steep precipice on which he stood, to seek his brother there; and pushed on to your protection.—

‘Such was the story of Hassan,’ continued Kyoprili. ‘I saw you; and much as I have witnessed of the enormities of man, I had not looked into the catalogue of his crimes for such an instance of untamed ferocity. Could I look on you a helpless unsuspecting infant, abandoned by those on whom nature had imposed her weightiest charge without feeling an interest in your fate—without a desire to mitigate the misfortunes which assailed you! I boast of no sentiment uncommon to humanity. I beheld what was enough to inspire horror, and to call forth succor to the helpless.— In a word, I heard your little tale of distress with a heart open to compassion; and without arrogating to myself superior merit, you became the unbought object of my adoption; this was not all. True I beheld no chance of ever being called upon to render up an account of my charge; but in order to satisfy my doubts as well as to have the power (however faint the prospect of restoring you to your family if contrary to suspicion I found them worthy of such a son) I dispatched a confidential slave to retrace the route you had travelled in quest of farther particulars.

‘On reaching Belgrade every

inquiry was instituted to discover your Morad. His description was imperfect, and it was long before he made any progress in his inquiry. Happening by accident, however to meet an old acquaintance well known in that quarter—him he employed to assist his research, and in the end their joint efforts were successful. They discovered the dwelling; but it was without an inhabitant—the furniture was still there, and from other circumstances presented to their view, not long deserted. Here they paused for some time and were at length departing without a chance of information when they discovered clots of blood upon the floor. Their suspicions were strong; they inquired in the neighborhood, what had become of the old inhabitants of the cottage—no one knew; all were ignorant of their sudden disappearance. They never went much abroad—seldom visiting their neighbors they had as yet not been missed, and all agreed in the suspicion of foul play.

(To be Continued.)

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IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION ON  
MATRIMONY.

*Hail! wedded love! mysterious  
law!* MILTON.

It has been even a complaint exhibited against moral writers, as they are too apt to blame the present times, and extol those that are past—to represent the one as

the period of all vice, & the other as the blameless and golden age. Perhaps this observation may not be wholly unfounded; and the remark made by others of more acute penetration, may be just—that all ages will, if accurately examined, be found equal in their virtues and their crimes; and that the world is neither better nor worse now, than it was three or four thousand years ago.

It may, however, I think, be with much truth declared, that every age, though not on the whole neither more virtuous nor more vicious than the preceding, has its characteristic faults and excellencies; which will flourish and decay, and gradually give place to others of a newer fashion. It has been said, that the fashionable virtue of the present age is charity; and which I sincerely wish may be true, since there are certainly a multitude of sins among us, which require to be covered by her extensive mantle. Were I to venture to point out the prevailing vice (and which alone even charity herself can scarcely be hoped to hide entirely) I should name that most heinous one, conjugal infidelity.

My proposition will perhaps be allowed to be just, when I state, that under this term of infidelity, I mean to include every breach, the least as well as the greatest, of that solemn vow and promise which is made, before the altar of God, by both parties who enter in-

to this important, (let not my readers smile when I say) this holy state of life; and that I consider the smallest breach of love & duty, reciprocally due from the husband and the wife to each other, as almost undoubtedly introductive of the greatest crimes that either of them can be guilty of against God and mankind.

When a heart of true sensibility and feeling, trained up in the love of religion, of decency, of private domestic happiness, and of all those nameless innocent pleasures which the virtuous only know how to value, and which they alone are capable of enjoying—when such a heart places its unadulterated affections on a mind seemingly sympathetic, what chastened rapture does it not hope to experience in the obtaining that partner for life, without whom Adam in paradise was acknowledged by his Creator to be destitute of complete happiness! But how cruel is the sting, how bitter the disappointment, when, in lieu, of an affectionate companion, the soother of his distresses, the calmer of his pains, he finds himself united to an artful woman, who, with sense enough to counterfeit for a while the most engaging mildness of manners and tenderness of disposition, after marriage throws off the mask, and valuing herself on preserving her virtue, thinks herself at liberty to disregard every other tie of love and duty. Such a woman perhaps sports with the misery she creates,



and glories in it as a mark of her power over a man whom all her unkindness fails to alienate; and who may still continue true to his part of the engagement, from motives the most pure and praiseworthy.

Nor is the companion to this portrait less deserving our compassion; or, (to the disgrace of the men be it spoken) less frequent. Here we see a mild and timorous female, unused to reproof, upbrought in the ways of the world, subject to the brutal ferocity, the unfeeling haughtiness of some tyrannical lord and master; who, far from considering her as his equal, his dearest and best half, the confidential friend of his bosom, and the sacred repository of his nearest concerns, looks on her only as a slave, destined to obey his will and tremble at his nod; or perhaps as the mere vehicle by which his name and family are to be continued—the subject of his sensual pleasure and his capricious endearments, at those hours when he is tired of gaming, drinking, or other vicious, though fashionable amusements,

If this be as unhappily it is, the situation of many in the married state, it may be worth while enquiring from whence these evils spring; which, indeed, threaten to put an end to the institution itself, or at least to destroy all hopes of happiness in it, in the eyes of every reasoning person of either sex.

With respect to the men, when we see how early boys are introduced into public life, and suffered to be witnesses of scenes “which shame the conscious cheek of truth”—when we reflect to what language they are daily and hourly permitted to listen—when we see the state of youth entirely blotted out from the book of fashionable life, and the school boy suddenly start up into man—when vice is known before it can be practised—are we any longer to wonder at the excesses into which they are carried headlong?—And when the bloom of virtue is destroyed, and debauchery has obtained complete possession both of his mind and person, rendered them equally disgusting to the eye and the heart of female delicacy, if at last, by the mediation and importunity of friends and relations, and by the hypocrisy of a few weeks, he obtains the hand of a virtuous woman in marriage—what must be expected to be the result, but distaste and disgust? And this will be resented by the offender with all that malignity which the vicious ever bear toward those they have injured.

As to the female sex, I wish to deliver my sentiments in a more gentler way; and yet there are surely faults on their sides, which will not yield to gentle medicines. Among these stand foremost, as the leaders of those bands most hostile to connubial felicity, pride and affectation—a pride which in-

duces them to consider themselves as degraded, by doing their duty—which looks on every concession made to their husbands as unbecoming women of spirit—the most dangerous, & let them forgive me when I add, the most detestable character, when carried to its full extent, ever assumed by those who were 'framed for the tender offices of love'—a pride which blinds them to their own defects, and emblazons their excellencies beyond even the flatteries of a lover—an affectation, which prevents them from acknowledging what they feel, and introduces a caprice destructive of their own and their husband's peace. I will proceed no farther in this unpleasant description.

In addition to these failings, peculiar to each sex, ought to be mentioned—the thoughtless indifference with which this most awful engagement is entered into by the young, the old, and the middle aged—the utter ignorance, before hand, of what they are about to do—the inattention at the time as to what they are doing—and the forgetfulness afterward, of what they have done.

For better for worse—for richer for poorer—in sickness and in health—till death us do part!—Do these words mean any thing? and how are they consistent with separate maintenance, separate beds, separate pleasures, and that great

root of all evils, divorces? If people, come together with an intention, or even a consciousness of the possibility (not to say the probability) of violating every condition on which they are joined, except those contained in the marriage settlement, the performance of which may be compelled by law; it would be better at once to omit trifling with what is by some religious esteemed a sacrament, and to depend wholly on the indenture tripartite.

I know it is often alledged, by both parties, that the temper and disposition of the other are so bad, they cannot be born with; and that it is better to part than to live in perpetual quarrels and uneasiness. But whence does this complaint arise? From hypocrisy before marriage, and want of patience and tenderness afterward. Let every married person, husbands as well as wives, keep in mind one single maxim, and I will venture to insure an end to at least two thirds of the quarrels which arise between them. This maxim, therefore, I shall give my fair readers as a charm—it consists of three words, which if they will repeat three times deliberately before they utter one intended hasty expression they need not doubt of securing the love and tenderness of their husbands; whom I enjoin reciprocally to practise it when it comes to their turns:

BEAR AND FORBEAR.



A solution of the list of Young Ladies in Greenwich Village.

1 Miss Roome, 2 Ellis, 3 Angevine, 4 Lewis, 5 Vervalen, 6 Bell, 7 Gibson, 8 Labagh, 9 Seaman, 10 Wendover.

BEDFORD.

ERATA—in the Enigmatical list of Young Ladies, in Greenwich Village, for 'one third of a fat bulky woman' read 'bulky.' B.

Mr Editor,

These were the words spoken by the Redeemer of man, when he was told that the bloody-minded Herod had slaughtered some Galileans, and mingled their blood with his sacrifices, spoken as a proof, that when the judgments of the Almighty are upon the earth, they are for a terror to those who are left remaining to bring them to repentance. *Itell ye, nay saith this our blessed Lord; these Galileans were not sinners above all the Galileans: and except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.*

Would to God this doctrine might have its due effect here, in this our rebellious island; rebellious against the God of Gods: that we would return unto the Lord who is mighty to save, and to our God who will abundantly pity: that our priests may be appointed to lift up their hands, (holy I would have them to be) betwixt the porch and the altar, and taught, in the sincerity of their souls to say, SPARE THY PEOPLE, O LORD!

This is a doctrine we are all ready to agree to whilst the danger is present, but when we apprehend it to be removed afar off, we suddenly grow forgetful; suddenly there ariseth among us a spirit, busying itself in seeking to assign for the operations of the Almighty, what they, clouded in ignorance, screen under the appellation of natural causes; though when they have done this, what a wretched felicity have they found out for us? Wretched indeed, when we come to think of thousands and ten thousands passing quick into the bowels of the earth, even whilst its caverns are belching out flaming streams of burning sulphur! wretched felicity, I say, arises from the contemplation of such horrors as these surrounding us, when we exclude the power of a Providence from being able to interpose, or to afford the least assistance, able to snatch us from this immediate destruction, and to seat us in his eternal mansions of bliss!

Alas! Alas! these people of Buncombe; let us bewail them my countrymen for some few moments—But, shall we because of this their punishment, condemn them as sinners above all the rest of the people upon earth? God forbid!

We may indeed, for the sake of those who are to come after, wish, that their King would abolish what he most of all prides himself in,

his *auto de fe*; and that he would leave the hearts, the consciences of all his subjects, to be searched and tried by him alone who knows the true bent of them; that he would remove laziness from the *priesthood*, and cause them to labour to convince, instead of cruelly to condemn.

Those compulsive principles have their foundation in egregious mistakes, and proceed from our not knowing what manner of spirit we are of; a spirit, not one that delighteth in peace, but in blood: neither is there the least example to encourage this spirit, to be met with in him who was the *Father's* love, and whose whole time was employed in going about doing good; and who, might, if he had so pleased, have commanded fire from Heaven to destroy his enemies.

Neither is there an instance of what will amount to any thing like this compelling of consciences, to be met with in all the sufferings of his *apostles*; and in fact, all those texts brought to support and to maintain practices of this nature, are perversions of *scripture*, & have their origin in lies.

We likewise wish, that not only this Prince, but all others of the *Roman Catholic* persuasion, would leave those who cannot see divinity in a piece of stone, or in ever so exquisitely painted canvas, to direct their contemplations, their prayers and their praises elsewhere.

Those who cannot be sensible that the *bread* is actually transubstantiated into the *body* and *blood* of the blessed *Jesus*, at the consecration of the *host*, why should they not be permitted to be content with believing, that the elements which they receive in obedience to the divine command, **DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME**, have the same effect upon the soul, as if the body had indeed and in truth, participated of the real *body* and *blood* of *Christ*?

Those who cannot present their petitions to *saints*, let them be permitted to present them to *God*, who can and does hear us: we have his eternally begotten Son's authority for it. *Whatsoever ye shall ask the FATHER in my name he will give it you*, saith he. And again, *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am present with them*. But neither in this nor in any other of his sayings, is there a word relative to the presence of the *blessed virgin*, &c. Let us petition to the *Almighty*, whose ears are at all times open to our prayers, when possibly, these his deputies may be busied another way, may be upon a journey, or peradventure may be sleeping.

But whilst we stand gazing at these people of Buncombe, let us not forget to look at ourselves; whilst we meditate upon the great calamity which has befallen them, let us likewise think how soon their fate may be our own—Let us con-

sider what large strides *irreligion* has taken amongst us ; what scoffers we have, at all things sacred, and contemners of every divine precept. Let us find out, if we are able, how many various branches this grand principle of perhaps every evil, hath launched into Sabbath breaking, monstrously prophaning the name of the most high God, debaucheries of all kinds, oppressing the necessitous, defrauding one another in every shape it is possible to invent.

By considering these things rightly, we shall not be inclined to join in sentiments with those, who when the judgments of God (as I have already intimated) hath been amongst them, and is past, when the amaze that had seized them is over, try to fling their consciences into a state of stupidity, and labour hard to persuade themselves, the like will never happen more. But avoiding these, let us give a strict attention to him who has told us ; *In the latter days, nations shall rise against nations, and kingdoms against kingdoms : and there shall be famines, and pestilence, and earthquakes in divers places. ALL THESE saith he, ARE THE BEGINNINGS OF SORROWS.*

Again, he telleth us ; *The powers of the Heavens shall be shaken ; and that, all the tribes of the earth shall mourn, i. e. of such whose minds are fixed entirely upon earthly things : And they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of Heaven with power and great glory.*

Strange satisfaction that must be, which results from the sayings of those who rack their brain, to come at what they account a reasonable discovery ; of how the *winds*, and the *vapours*, and the *central heat* operate in the bowels of the *earth*. Strange satisfaction, I say, in these pretended discoveries, unless the discoverers can give us a certain assurance, which way those internal powers have passed, and how long it will be before they direct their course towards these islands, and make the fate of the *Buncombe* our own.

How far more happy in mind, in soul is he, who solves all these wonders into the will of him who framed this mighty globe, and whose sole reliance is upon his Providence ?

Those who have their minds thus becalmed, are seldom much disturbed at the sight of *contending elements* ! they can find nothing unaccountable, in being sensible that one quarter of the earth hath trembled like a leaf, that the waters thereof have bubbled and boiled like a pot, by the power of him who put them together ; because such are thoroughly persuaded, the self same power can shake, and shiver, and that he one day will, as instantaneously, dissolve the whole !

It is known very well, that some of our great wits, those who fancy they are perfectly acquainted with these operations of nature, our



bloods, &c. will laugh at these doctrines; but, even such ought to remember, that one of their own countrymen, who is allowed on all hands, to have understood nature as well as the best of them hath said :

*The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all, which it inherit shall dissolve :  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind !—*

SHAKESPEAR.

Hear also, what one inspired by the spirit of the Most High hath said upon this subject : *The Heavens and the earth, are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.*

Again, *The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night in which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.*

And another favored by the omnipotent, saw in a vision a resemblance of that most great and terrible day. His words as follows : *And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away : and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened—And the sea gave up the dead which were in it : and death and hell delivered up*

*the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their works.*

Men, whose minds are rightly prepared by these doctrines, who leading conscientious and religious lives, become easy and content, in whatsoever situation the Almighty hath been pleased to place them, or who having gone astray, become heartily repentant, give very little heed to whether the earth devours, or the sea swallows us up : whether we go quick into the grave, or pass thereto by a lingering illness. Whether dust is covered with immediate dust, or we are entombed with the greatest magnificence; encompassed with what this world calls trophies of honor, it is indifferent to them : and this they know that whether we have lain in the grave for a day, for a year, for an age, or for a thousand ages, it will make no material difference : seeing, that the next time we open our eyes (as open them once more we must) it will be to behold the shock, the wreck, the dissolution of the whole that encompasseth us of all material beings : it will be to receive a life which storms, & wrecks, and tempests cannot touch, nor nothing give us pain, unless God's wrath : which if then fixed, will so abide for ever.

*Forbid it Heaven! forbid it O thou Being;  
Thou Lord of all ; thou great omnipotent  
Who from the dust call'd man! forbid thy  
wrath,*

*But O ! let all thy pity fall on me :  
On me thy servant, on that dreadful day.*

*When I look up obedient to thy summons,*  
**ARISE YE DEAD! ARISE AND COME**  
**TO JUDGMENT!**

*Your humble servant,*  
**G.**

### VARIETY.

.....  
**ORIGINAL AND SELECTED**  
 .....

### TRUTH.

If men applied their wit as advisedly to judge between truth and falsehood, godliness and worldliness, as every man in his trade doth to judge between profit and loss: they would forthwith by principles, bred within themselves, and by conclusions following upon the same, discern the true religion from the false: and the way which God hath ordained to welfare, from the deceitful ways and cross and crooked inventions of men.

As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer, sir, do you ever make any mistakes in pleading? I do, said the lawyer. And what do you do with mistakes said the minister? Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them: if small ones I let them go, said the lawyer. And pray, sir, continued he, do you ever make any mistakes in preaching? Yes, sir, said the minister, I do. And what do you do with mistakes? said the lawyer. Why, sir, I dispense with them much in the same way you just observed: I rectify large ones and neglect small ones. Not long

since, continued he, as I was preaching, I went to observe, that the devil was the father of liars, but mistook, and said *lawyers* and the mistake was so small, I let it go.

### LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, March 14, 1812.

*"Be it our task,*  
*To note the passing tidings of the times.*

*Casualties.*—On Tuesday morning, Mr. Barent Wyckoff, of King's county, clerk in the store of Mr. Simmons, Fly. market, fell in a fit and was found on his face suffocated. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was that he died a natural death.

On Wednesday morning, the body of a Female, apparently aged about 25 years, was found floating in the East River at the foot of Rosevelt-street, meanly clad, without any marks of violence, and supposed to be drowned by accident.

London, Jan. 17.

In the account which we hereunto subjoin will be found the melancholy confirmation of all our fears respecting the St. George and Defence.—Government received a statement of this disastrous event yesterday:—

*Extract from the Danish Newspaper of the 31st December, 1811.*

We have received accounts that the English ship St. George, 98 guns commanded by Admiral Reynolds, and the Defence of 74, Capt. David Atkins, were driven ashore on the morning of the 24th inst. near cape Ryssentien, in the Lordship of Rinkiobing. The crew of the former is said to have consisted of 850 men, and of the latter, of 550 men, not including the officers. Half an hour after the Defence touched the ground, the whole went to pieces, & all the crew

(excepting five seamen and one marine, who saved themselves by holding pieces of timber) were drowned. Capt. Atkins reached the shore, dead. The day after in the afternoon, there were seen from the land some part of the cabin & poop of the *St. George*, upon which were standing many men.—Part of the mast was cut away, and some men endeavoured to escape on it—but it is conjectured, that few have been saved, since the waves and the current, with the wind coming from the N. N. W. would sweep them off before they reached the land. Some, likewise, attempted to save themselves on a raft, but are said to have perished—and when the accounts came away from Lemvig, intelligence had reached that place, that the *St. George* had totally gone down, and that only 12 men of the crew had been saved. The ship was upwards of 300 fathoms from land.

The 6 men saved out of the Defence have on examination, declared, that the first cause of this misfortune was the St. George having last month having lost her mast in a gale, when off Lolland, in the Belt.

We lament to say, that the misfortune which befel the Defence and St George, has been attended by the loss of upwards of 1,400 men, among whom we have to enumerate the following Officers :

Officers in the St. George—Amiral Reynolds, capt. Guion, Lieuts. Napier, Place, Thompson, Brannel, Douce, Tristram, Riches and Rogers ; Tippet, Flag Lieutenant ; J. Belt, Master. Mr. Heynes, Sergeant ; W. H. Lake, Chaplain ; M. Saunders, Purser.

Officers in the Defence—David Atkins, Captain; Lieuts. J. H. Baker, Philip Nelson and De Lisle; Mabson, Master; Nicholson, Purser

The St. George was built in 1785—  
The Defence was built in 1763.

**WANTED** immediately,  
an Apprentice to the Printing bu-  
siness, apply at this office.

☞ We are requested (by Mr. John Stewart, Cabinet Maker) to contradict his Marriage (which appeared in our 19th number) with Miss Ellen M<sup>r</sup> Bean. — The report is unfounded, and a Villanous outrage of the Author.

## TO LET

From the first of May, part of the  
House, No. 28 Frankfort-Street, Enquire  
at this Office.

✻§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§✻

**Married.**

*At Poughkeepsie, On Tuesday evening  
the 26th ult. by the rev C. C. Cuyler, Mr.  
Elias Nixson of New York, to Miss Se-  
lina Hebard, of Poughkeepsie.*

At Albany, Barnet C. Humphrey, to  
Miss Eve Vernon.

*At Salisbury, Luther Bingham, to Mrs.  
Sally Jenkins, both of Hudson.*

*At Albany, Seth Arnold, to Miss Mag-  
dalen Quackenboss. of Guilderland.*

*At Newark, Jacob Francisco, to Miss Hannah Young.*

*At Newark, Joseph Crane, to Miss Charlotte Baldwin.*

*At Bellville, John Rouston, to Miss Mary Daley.*

*At Morristown, Henry Beach to Miss Abigail Smith.*

✻~~~~~✻

Died.

*At Malta, on the 9th of December last,  
Mr. Herman G. Rutgers, of this city, in  
the 38th year of his age.*

On Sunday evening last, Mr. William Payne, in the 65th year of his age.

On Sunday last, Mr. John Buchanan, formerly a Merchant of this city.

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Sarah Barons, aged 82.

On Sunday morning last, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Ann Kipp, widow of the late Richard Kipp.

On Wednesday morning last, very suddenly, Mr. Mathew M'Kean, of the house of Bradie and M'Kean.

On Wednesday afternoon last, Mr. J. Cheetham, aged 56 years.





‘ Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.’

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Mr. Editor,

The following lines being the writings of a youth of fifteen years, you will (should they merit it) give them a place in your respective paper.

Beware the libertines false vow,  
Who doubtless argues all he knows  
And has seduced, by lawless art,  
Many unthinking virgins heart;  
Languor that fascinates and charms,  
By such persuasions love alarms.  
Then falls into his wicked arms,  
The Females virtue and charms  
There sink in everlasting woe,  
And much lament, she did not know,  
What virtue was.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Nina! I did no compliment intend.  
I view, and love the virtues of my friend.  
I know thy merits far exceed thy praise.  
Yet art thou grateful for my simple lays?  
True merit, modesty for ever loves,  
And praise is silent when the heart approves.  
To give thy due, in vain my pen essay'd,  
But truth acknowledged what my words convey'd.

Thou wilt not wrong the duty I have done;

Nor think that I to flattery am prone:  
What gen'rous goodness have thy actions shewn!

Thou giv'st to others merit all thine own.

Imperfect is thy soul?—Nina I know  
Perfection dwells with none of us below,  
Still to attain each virtue we must strive,  
And keep consistency, at least, alive.

This thou has done,—a pleasing task to thee,

And thou e'er long, the sweet reward shalt see,

Thy candour, Nina, made me first admire,

Respect, esteem thee, and thy love desire.

All, boast of Friendship; few, a friend possess:

Thou art sincere, while others but profess.

For this, I love thee, most sincerely true,  
Well pleased to own it—still a debt is due.

When all thy merits, justly I've portray'd,

I will acknowledge that my debt is paid.  
I long thy friend have been, thy actions seen,

And though unknown, to thee, thy  
GERALDINE.

SELECTED.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

The happy days alas! are gone  
When pleasure reigned and all was gay;  
From rising morn till setting sun,  
As cheerful as the rosy May,  
The hours that past knew nought of care,  
But free I roamed from place to place,  
And every thing look'd bright and fair  
Till first I saw thy cherub face.

And even then my heart was light,  
 And every anxious wish repress;  
 Awake by day, in dreams by night,  
 Fair freedom dwelt within my breast.  
 I swiftly trip'd o'er hill and dale  
 So light my footsteps left no trace,  
 For sweet content fill' every sail,  
 Till first I saw thy cherub face.

But heaven (whose outward form you  
 wore.)

Forget the graces of your mind,  
 And left it like a dreary shore,  
 Wild with each passion's raging wind;  
 In which my peace was torn away,  
 My heart too, left a desert place,  
 And oft with sighs I mourn the day  
 When first I saw thy cherub face.

Then fare thee well thou drooping flower,  
 That might have bloom'd for many a  
 day,

For tho' thy tears should fall a shower,  
 They ne'er can wash thy stains away  
 When age creeps slowly o'er thy frame  
 And rudely seizes beauty's place,  
 Thou'lt wish you never had a name  
 Nor e'er possess'd thy cherub face.

MACTWOLTER.

*To the Society of the Juvenile Sons of  
 Erin, New-York enclosing an  
 Irish Shamrock.*

By JOHN MURPHY, of Belfast.

From the bow'rs of your country, a bard  
 to whose breast  
 The bright SUN OF FREEDOM a ray  
 has allied,  
 A Shamrock presents you of semblant  
 green vest,  
 Whose leaves oft the blood of the Patri-  
 ot has dy'd.

He pluck'd it with sorrow! it grew on  
 the spot  
 Where a chief by the foes of his country  
 was slain,

And the night-dew that felt it would  
 weep for his lot,  
 And seemingly sensitive tremble with  
 pain.

Then take the sweet gem ye young sons  
 of our isle,

Whose fame burns unfading through  
 time's rolling years,

And plant it on distant COLUMBIA, to  
 smile,

Bedew'd with affection and Liberty's  
 tears.

And, if I perchance, from HIBERNIA  
 should go

To taste the mild pleasures you happily  
 enjoy,

I'll visit the place where this Shamrock  
 shall grow,

And fan its dear leaves with a thought-  
 breathing sigh:

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